

Sleepy?

by Poweredbyinternet

Category: Web Shows

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Jacksepticeye, Markiplier

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 07:05:44

Updated: 2016-04-10 07:05:44

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:43:00

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,233

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Septiplier. Jack comes to visit Mark for his birthday, but isn't very fond of the idea of celebrating because he is so tired from jet lag. Fluffy as hell one-shot. Somebody please help me with this description ah ToT

Sleepy?

**\*\*A/N:** Myeeeehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. I just discovered this ship and it just makes me AHHHH. Anywho. I had this idea and here you go. And yes I'm aware that Sean's birthday was like two months ago. Details, details. **\*\***

**\*\*Jack/Sean's YouTube channel is called jacksepticeye, and Mark's is Markiplier so check them out if you haven't already. I don't own them!\*\***

Mark turned towards his boyfriend, who was facing away from him. He smiled softly and moved closer to him and wrapped his arms around his waist.

"Wake up, baby." Mark whispered, kissing the back of Jack's neck.

"Mark." Jack mumbled and turned around to face Mark. "It didn't work five minutes ago, why do you think it would work now?"

"Because you love me?" Mark grinned and kissed his nose softly.

"I love you like hell," Jack groaned, his accent thicker when he was tired. "But could you please go the fuck back to sleep?"

"But Sean, you're only here for a couple weeks. And it's your birthday! We should do something." Mark complained, and pouted sarcastically.

"My body clock is off by literally eight hours." He groaned. "I got to sleep late last night. Could we celebrate my birthday tomorrow?"

"You won't get used to the time if you just sleep all day." Mark pointed out.

"That's true." Jack groaned again, dropping his head to Mark's chest and snuggling closer to him. "That doesn't stop me from wanting to throw you out a window for waking me up though."

"Let's be honest, you probably can't even lift me, let alone throw me out a window." Mark teased.

"Yeah well.." Jack mumbled into his shoulder. "Your hair is red."

Mark chuckled as he got off of the bed, disentangling himself from Jack, who clutched theatrically at the empty air. He then walked over to Jack's side of the bed, and picked him up bridal-style.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Jack raised one of his eyebrows.

"Getting you out of bed, lazy ass."

Mark walked downstairs and placed him on one of the dining room chairs. Jack immediately laid his head down on the table, arms crossed underneath.

"Slightly less comfortable, but it'll do. Hi Chica." He cooed as the golden retriever plodded excitedly towards him, and he scratched her lazily behind her ears.

"I'ma make some breakfast. What'll it be?" Mark called from the kitchen.

"Coffee." Jack groaned. "Coffee, coffee, coffee."

"Cereal it is."

Mark took an unrealistic amount of time to make coffee and cereal, and there were several sounds that didn't sound like coffee or cereal, but Jack was content just waiting, petting Chica absently. Eventually Mark came back, somehow holding two plates and two mugs. Jack got up reluctantly to help him put the breakfast down.

"Mark." Jack rolled his eyes. "Did you actually make hash browns?"

Mark grinned. "Yep. Because you're Irish!"

"Mum should've told me." Jack grumbled as he took a sip of his coffee, purposely making his accent stronger then.

Mark chuckled and took a sip of his own. "You're cute when you're Irish."

"Aren't I always Irish?" Jack raised his eyebrow again in confusion, but it slowly changed into a smile. "You little bitch!"

Mark started laughing so hard that he almost fell off of his chair.

"You, takin' advantage of my sleep-deprived state to poke fun at me in a way I can't be mad at? Two can play at that game." Jack grinned. "If I'm cute when I'm Irish, you're cute when you're stupid."

Mark feigned shock and gasped dramatically. "Are you calling me ugly?"

"No," Jack said. "I'm calling you stupid."

"Rude!" Mark gasped again, covering his mouth with his hands.

Jack laughed softly, and started to eat the hash. Mark did as well, picking at the potatoes and ham. Jack tossed Chica a couple pieces, and Mark pretended that he didn't notice.

"So what are your extravagant plans?" Jack asked, leaning his head comfortably on Mark's broad shoulder.

Mark shrugged, causing Jack's head to bounce up and down.

"Can't we just cuddle up and watch a film or something?" Jack pouted. "Going outdoors requires effort, which is something I don't feel like supplying today."

"Sure," Mark replied. "It is your birthday, you should choose. What should we watch?"

"Can we watch Guardians of the Galaxy?" Jack turned his head to look at Mark, making puppy eyes.

"How can I say no to that face?" He bent down and kissed Jack softly, who sleepily kissed him back.

A fire seemed to be lit between them as soft kisses grew quickly to something more passionate, and Jack woke up just a little bit more with every kiss. Soon Jack was pulled into Mark's lap, arms wrapped around each other. Mark wasn't hesitant to run his tongue along his boyfriend's bottom lip, and was soon permitted entrance into his mouth.

Mark's hands toyed under the hem of Jack's pyjama shirt- he had no intention of removing it, but simply wanted to feel his lover's skin against his own. Jack had his hands on Mark's cheeks, bringing them even closer together. The interaction grew fervent, needy, but they eventually parted for breath, Jack burying his forehead in the curve of Mark's neck.

"I've missed you, Sean." Mark muttered beside his ear.

"I think the feeling's mutual." Jack grinned.

Mark kissed Jack's temple fondly, and pulled him in even closer. "Why is Ireland so far away?"

Jack somehow had found a way to pick up his mug of coffee and was now sipping it again. "Don't ask me, my brain has the day off."

Mark sighed, and they sat there cuddling for a short while before Mark finally said, "How about that movie?"

"You know very well how fond I am at the idea of getting up right now." Jack took another petulant sip of his coffee. "Especially now that I'm comfortable again."

"How you're comfortable with both of us squished onto a wooden chair, I'm not sure." Mark grumbled as he picked Jack up for the second time that day, who simply rolled his eyes and kept a tight hold on his coffee.

Jack was placed down amiably onto the sofa, and Mark walked back to the dining room to retrieve his own coffee. He came back to find Jack already flipping through the movies on Netflix, trying to find Guardians of the Galaxy.

Eventually he found it, and as soon as the movie started, Mark lied down and pulled Jack down on top of him, who didn't take long to get comfortable. About ten minutes in, Mark was about to ask Jack if he wanted popcorn, but found that he was fast asleep.

Mark brushed the hair off of his forehead tenderly, and lay a soft kiss on top of his head.

"Happy Birthday, Sean." He whispered gently beside Jack's ear.

\*\*A/N: Sleepy Sassy Sean WOOOOO well it's 1 a.m. And I should most likely be asleep just like Sean but uh nope. I'm awake. Gah.  
\*\*

\*\*Review for free invisible cookies x\*\*

End  
file.